SAWDUST

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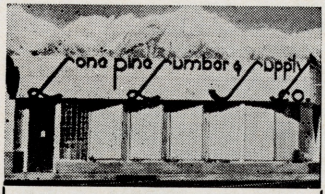
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

HIS EYE WAS STERN AND WILD . . .

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he looked upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept into my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * *

Again, I looked,—a fearful change across his face had passed—
He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a tongue—
"Hold, madman! stay thy frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung;
He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave;
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to shave!



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SA'NZ
CRUZ SAINZ
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JIMMY-THE-RED
MASCOT

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"At present there is waste everywhere, but then we can still afford to be wasteful."

The above spendthrift philosophy that has been the New Deal's watchword is a prize blurt from Eleanor Roosevelt's "My Day" column of Oct. 15, 1940. And to think that our president was elected away back in the dim, dark ages of 1933 on an out and out platform of economy!

In the words of Thomas Jefferson: "We believe, or we act as if we believed, that although an individual father cannot alienate the labor of his son, the aggregate body of fathers may alienate the labor of all their sons, of their posterity, and oblige them to pay for all the enterprises, just or unjust, profitable or ruinous, into which our vices, our passions, or our personal interests may lead us."

Benjamin Franklin declared, "A penny saved is a penny earned." But the Roosevelt philosophy is "We can still afford to be wasteful."

Perhaps you heard the story about Churchill and Roosevelt objecting to St. Peter at the squalidness of heaven. Roosevelt suggested that a new one be made and turning to Churchill declared enthusiasically: "You build it, and I'll finance it!"

Pleased as a babe with her first colored hair-ribbon, SAWDUST presents its first four-colored cover. Furthermore it is tipped-on for framing. We think this might be an idea for national magazines. We have also broadened our monthly feature "Retrospection". Rather than newspaper quotes we are going in for pictures. If you have an interesting old time photograph, please lend it to us. Also, starting this month is a regular feature, "Candid Camera".

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Bulletin 1 (Dec. 20)

Arrived here O. K. at six a.m. yesterday. Eagerly awaiting me was my bride of 33 years. Also, Josephine had arrived, and Catharine was waiting at the door. It was raining, which they say was very unusual. The sun shone a short time this morning, which was usual—they say.—L. D. Owen, El Cerrito, Cal.

Bulletin 2 (Jan. 1)

Confidential. The sun shone this a.m. Cloudy this p.m. Expect rain tonight.—L. D. Owen, El Cerrito, Cal.

Panegyrical Pertinacity

I have often thought that you were doing your friends quite a service in continuing the little magazine through the rough times that we have seen for the past 18 months. All too often we give up our normal activities and adopt an air of defeatism.—W. B. Wickersham, L. A., Calif.

Unastounded

I was amused, but not surprised to learn Bob Loundagin had at last severed his connections with the Roosevelt New Deal, and would actually consent to vote for a Republican...There are a lot that have found out that Santa Claus was buying presents with their own money, and now they will have to pay the bill.—G. W. Dow, Whittier, Cal.

Fire Award

I received the check for the amount of $500 from the Insurance Company. I thank you very much for sending it to me.—Mrs. Maria Ceballos, Carpinteria, Cal.

Opulent Sodality

That bound, autographed volume of SAWDUST that you sent me, after doing duty at the Vet's Hospital in Sawtelle, is now enjoying the salubrious climate of southeastern Florida, along with the rest of the millionaires.—G. O. "Ollie" Goodwin, Independence, Cal.

Inversed Importance

The story of the creation of the world is told in Genesis in 400 words. The world's greatest moral code—the Ten Commandments—contain only 297 words. Lincoln,s immortal Gettysburg address is but 266 words in length. The Declaration of Independence required only 1321 words to set up a new concept of freedom. The Office of Price Administration uses 2,500 words to announce the reduction in the price of cabbage seeds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Orphanotrophy Appreciation

I wish that you could be with me as I listen to the boys' merry laughter, and look into the happy faces of some boys who have no pleasant memories of Christmas. Your assistance...is helping to make this Star (of understanding, love and sympathy) a reality for more of these poor boys by providing them with the first real home they have ever had.—Father E. J. Flanagan, Boys Town, Neb.

CHRISTMAS AFTERMATH . . .

Clarence Badger's annual greeting from far-off Sydney, Australia . . . Johnny Barnes lugging around

his doll where ever he goes... Jim Hodgman's touching greeting: "Not a Merry Christmas in times like these —but a Happy One" . . . Judge Olds' lengthy greetings of the "Trials and Tribulations of a Draftee" and "Excerpts from Letters Received by Ration Boards" . . . Rudie II and Jimmy-the-Red hanging Xmas stockings on their first fireplace... Mike Baker explaining to Papa Ben after watching the Liliputian & Epizootic R. R. that "shortening in the track causes the engine to whistle"... Jimmy-the-Red confidentially asserting to Christmas shoppers that "those things selling for 98c don't cast my daddy anything"... Prize gift: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hodgman's mounted wildcat, shot by old Jim personally ... Judge E. Searle Wolfe's greeting in the form of a court order... Christmas tree merchants stuck with a tree surplus when they had hoped to stick the citizenry... Ralph Vellom's cartoon from far off Saltillo, Indiana where he had been called by the death of his father, picturing a be-spectacled tycoon blaring into a dictaphone (we have one): "Your account is still unpaid—kindly consider the Christmas card we sent you null and void!"... Christmas cartoon-of-the-month: A lumber dealer whispering to Santa Claus that all he wanted was a carload of two-by-fours... Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cord's and Mrs. Ben Baker's daily visits to see the trains.

CANDID CAMERA . . .

Presenting two of Lone Pine's prominent ladies as they appeared on a February day 19 years ago. The location is approximately the front door of the present Sprouse-Reitz store. In those days this writer lacked a photogenic eye, with the result that the lady to the left appears to have a soot-spattered face when in fact it is the shadow of an overhanging elm. Believe it or not, their attire was the style of 1925. If you doubt it, drag out your own picture-album.

In presenting this first nostalgic shot of approximately two decades ago, SAWDUST initiates an interesting feature—we hope a not too dangerous one. In looking at the hat styles of days gone by, we suggest to the ladies currently having pictures taken, by all means remove your hats. They'll look funny as hell a few years hence.

RETROSPECTION

Lone Pine, in November 1924, was host to Tom Mix and company filming Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage". Turkey shoots were in progress for the coming Thanksgiving; dances were well attended at Butterfield's Hall; and Keeler residents were griping about road conditions.

Herewith three photographs of Lone Pine's Main Street in November, 1924. At the bottom of this page is N. M. "Pete" Aigner's prosperous Mt. Whitney Garage and Livery. Scampering about its concrete sidewalk were Pete's two lively boys. The Mt. Whitney Garage dispensed two brands of gasoline—Standard and Union, then the only oil companies represented in Owens Valley. Those were the days when the be-draggled motorist washed or wiped his own windshield—or else it wasn't. The radiator was filled and crankcase oil was checked solely by request. As for air in your tires it was the same as having the windshield washed.

Upstairs, behind the checkered front was the low-ceilinged Mt. Whitney Gun and Anglers Club quarters. It was privately used on other occasions for social games of chance. In fact, it is the self-same spot where Fili Castro was taken by a couple of respectable citizens in a blackjack session with the assistance of a pin-pricked deck.

On the next page the upper picture is that of Main Street looking south from Willow. Note the charred trees (extreme left) caused by the conflagration of the previous July. The domed building on the right, now the Safeway site, was W. C. Probasco's observatory. A view of Mt. Whitney through a telescope could be had for two-bits. Beneath was the Home Bakery operated by Mrs. Probasco.

The lower picture is G. W. Dow's thriving Lone Pine Lumber & Implement Company, and in the distance, the steeple of Padre Crowley's Santa Rosa Church.

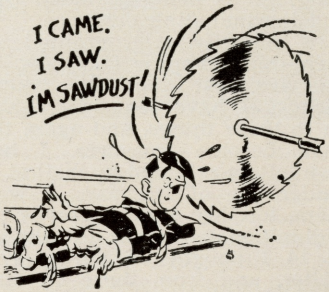
Unseen on the right-hand side of the street was Dr. G. H. Sprague's combined residence and dental offices and Bert Hutton's Quality Inn. In the next block south across the street from the Santa Rosa Church and apart from further fire hazards was Duarte's Meat Market. And still another block south (site of Sierra Cafe) was Ray Spear's pack corral.

Wallpaper

We don't need to have the little fellow tell us, or have it put in writing — our common wishes for the New Year are health, happiness and Victory! None of our sacrifices shall be lessened—all are so worth the giving. May they bring our boys back home soon to enjoy the happiness of Victory...With this issue SAWDUST enters its fourth year of publication...And with this year our firm enters its 25th year of service...Recently we wondered in this column what had become of Fairy Soap. Garnet Showalter sent us a cake for the answer. Incidentally, husband Gail delivered it in a wheel-barrow ash-tray of his own craftsmanship, constructed from genuine wood and copper...Speaking of ash trays we are displaying an assortment of Walt Disney sets that arrived after Christmas.....And speaking of merchandise we have an assortment of sponges that are priced so ridiculously high that it makes us feel like one to offer them for sale...A new high in tax courtesy was last month's California State Board of Equalization letter by Secretary Dixwell L. Pierce. Included with Sales Tax forms was a general letter explaining the early mailing to avoid Christmas congestion, and concluded with two paragraphs expressing thanks to retailers for their co-operation the past year, and the Board's good wishes for the holiday season and year to come... News item: Atlanta's Briarcliff Laundry burned with 20,000 laundry and dry cleaning bundles, worth $200,000. To pay these was a $1,000 insurance policy. The laundry went into receivership... Our thanks to Cpl. R. J. Smallwood of Camp Polk, La., for his thoughtfulness in cancelling SAWDUST upon his removal to an unknown address...We have an unlisted telephone that frequently rings due to similarity with that of Hopkins Hardware...Usually when Jim Rogers' telephone rings he hollers: "This ain't the Lumber yard—dial 2041!" Jim's number is 2401...Now that we know more than ever the nature of the Nippon beast let's have greater determination in making him walk the plank!...We still think it cheap to use the Bataan and Corregidor atrocities to zoom War Bond sales...Kindred spirit: Wm. Craig Poole, ex-Santa Barbara newsboy declared he often had the yen to again sell "sheets" at his old corner, even though it was a "crazy idea"... E. J. "Jerry" Wade and family have been Californianing from New York at Hollywood's Knickerbocker Hotel...To start out the New Year the Paraffine Companies, Inc. hung an overcharge on us in the modest sum of $780 on a single invoice...We have threatened, cajoled and pleaded to kids to keep off our timber-piles. Impressed with the calamity of a dozen stitches in the pate of one youngster the elementary school boys are now seldom offenders. But will someone please tell us how we may penetrate the thick skulls of certain high school boys that continue to use our timber-piles as obstacle-race-course?.... Orchids to Margaret Phillips, nee

Gilmore, for her readable article in the January TOURING TOPICS about the late great Indian leader, Harrison Diaz. Included was a grand portrait by husband Curtis...The Lone Pine PROGRESS-CITIZEN is no longer printed in Lone Pine. Don't let it detract from your civic pride, folks, for SAWDUST still is...That mechanical marvel, the Heidelberg Press, together with its efficient operator, Owen Cooper, that print SAWDUST, always intrigues us..

Our bicycling to the postoffice and about town is temporarily suspended, due to the collapse of one front wheel ...We're afraid to ask for a kiddie-car. It might show up like the Fairy Soap.....Apparently this writer's brief foray into politics in 1942 entitles him to occasional gaudily enclosed cumbersome epistles from a nut by the name of John Otto, Klamath River, Cal... The Sandy McMahon's recently celebrated their 57th wedding aniversary...Recent odd sight: Slim Honerlah, in a playful mood, wobbling down the main drag on a bicycle...On the day before Christmas, Laura A. Thouvenell became Mrs. Roger F. Tallmadge. Our congratulations to Mr. Tallmadge ...Last month we grumbled that we had received only one carload during November. For the first time in our history we received nary a carload in December. The WPB explains that the more victories our armies achieve, the greater is the demand for lumber to build piers, warehouses, and the like, in conquered cities...WPB also warns refrigerator dealers that electric models will not be built until next Sept. 1st, and only in low quantities for the sole purpose of replenishing the Government stockpile for hospitals, etc... There are times when even the most patriotic wonders if our National Bird shouldn't be the cuckoo instead of the eagle...The local LIONS TALE is an interesting little gossip sheet appearing weekly...Thanks to Mining Geologist L. Kenneth Wilson of the Pacific Tungsten Company for a copy of his brochure "Tungsten Deposits of the Darwin Hills"...Dad Sparling bought a hunting license, he says, expressly for the purpose of running down the edge of the Indian reservation to chase out the pheasants for Judge Charlie Olds



to shoot...By the way folks, did you get a copy of our 1944 Lawson Wood monkey calendar? If not, we have a few left...Mrs. Ione Stephens has a photogenic eye when it comes to pictures...The ice refrigerators on sale in our store are so good looking that many tourists have stayed overnight for the purpose of buying the next morning what they thought was an electric refrigerator...All praise to Mrs. W. E. McLean for assuming the difficult job of supervising the new local USO hall...Julius Mahrt returned from 2 weeks Christmasing in Seattle, declaring his departure the saddest of experiences.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

As a rule children are great collectors. At about high-school-age they look back upon their "babyhood" treasures as so much trivia and proceed to destroy all evidence of such mental insipidness. Then they collect the more "modern" items of class-pins, school papers and annuals, athletic letters and ribbons. Perhaps a diary is furtively and periodically kept, with secret marks designating a special event—such as a kiss. There follows the period of valentines, love notes and letters, all destroyed at marriage as being so much trash and incriminating evidence.

In maturity, it is granted that such things appear silly. Ah, but they are most interesting. I know, because I have tenaciously hung on to those things, and again they have become treasures. I have love letters received by mail at the tender age of 10 years. I wrote them, too. My great regret is that I didn't make copies. At the age of 14 I bought an Oliver typewriter, and from there on out I still have most of the copies of my correspondence.

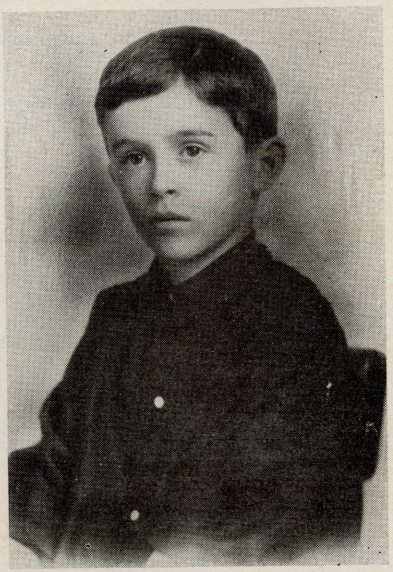
Collecting photographs in days when they were not a common thing, was my specialty. The black-bloused individual on this page, of serious mien, is this writer at 11 years. Mussolini did not originate black shirts. Mothers without benefit of mechanical washing-machines found they would wear a full week compared with a white Sunday shirt.

On the next page is my 5th grade of 1914. In the 4th row, center, may be seen that same black-bloused shrimp. I was of normal stature, but 30 years ago, 5th graders were often all but married. In the extreme right background may be seen Vera Crews, our teacher, who was perhaps a good 5' 6".

Incidentally in April, 1914, the American marines captured Vera Cruz. Upon hearing the news many of us mused as we trod hopefully to school that our teacher should be treated well by the marines, but what did they want her for? And who would be the new teacher? It was quite a shock to find Vera Crews at her accustomed place that morning.

The coy individual in the 4th row, right, was not as shy as might appear. He possibly covered his face for the purpose of future identification.

The lassie in the extreme right foreground with the bobbed hair—looking right at you with her



smiling brown eyes, was Mildred Shuey. At that time she was a bit tall for me. But boy, oh boy, what a heart-breaker! I never got so much as a note from her—in fact, not ever a nod or the flicker of an eyelash.

The curly-haired boy at the extreme left of the 2nd row was Bob Sanders. He was the possessor of the biggest Meccano set in town, and his parents drank beer. The benign freckled youngster next to him, scratching his ear, was Ivan "Skinney" Jones, now an osteopath in Fresno. Next to Skinney Jones is Howard Parker, the most envied boy in town. He owned a string of 5 Shetland ponies, and he was extremely stingy with them. And next to Howard Parker was teacher's pet. I don't even remember his name.

The 6-foot individual in the far background was Cornelius Alexander. Unlike Mildred Shuey, there was nothing snooty about Cornelius. Spinning tops, shooting marbles for keeps, or mumbly-peg interested him as much as us. We didn't reason then, that perhaps that was why he was still in the 5th grade. Nor was Cornelius the bully type like George Hipplehauser from back of the P. R. R.

It was that roundhouse gang that caught several of us swimming in their prize Salt Creek's "Nickle Hole", and promptly tied our clothes in knots. Then they proceeded to do a thorough job by inflicting the indignity of urinating on the knots so they would be all the more difficult to untie. We rinsed the knotted clothes in Salt Creek and then they became thoroughly tied. Tie a knot in a dry cloth tightly, soak it in water, then try to untie it, and you'll understand why we darted homeward for two full miles from tree to fence post, clutching a strawkaty fore, and cluster of knotted clothes, aft.

OH FOR A PATRICK HENRY!

(Congressional Record)

Senator Bailey: "Mr. President, what is wrong with being a southern Senator?...Let it be said for us that we do not raise sectional issues in the Senate. Let it be said that when the hour comes we undertake to maintain the Constitution of the United States; we do not fail; and let it be said that we are not ashamed, we are proud to be called southern Senators...and when there was nobody else to vote in the electoral college for the Democratic candidate, southern Democrats were sending 144 votes to the electoral college; and for that we are scornfully referred to as southern Democrats.

"By the eternal gods, there are men in the South, and women, too, who will not permit men in control of our party to betray or to insult us in the house of our fathers. We will assert ourselves ...and we will vindicate ourselves; and if we cannot have a party in which we are respected, if we must be in a party in which we are scorned as southern Democrats, we will find a party which honors us, not because we are southerners, and not because of politics, but because we love our country and believe in the Constitution from which it draws its life day by day..."

Senator Smith: "Mr. President, the comments we are hearing are not very pleasant for those of us who for seventy-odd years have kept the real Democratic fires burning and made possible the election of the gang that is now disgracing it...

"The idea of saying that Henry Byrd led a conspiracy. Conspiracy against what? It was a conspiracy on behalf of the Constitution of the United States, if it was a conspiracy at all. If he led a conspiracy, I was one of the conspirators. Of course they would say, '"Cotton Ed" Smith, that dirty dog, yes...' If the people of the South organize and stand by their self-respect, if they organize and say 'We are going to vote for the man of our choice,' there will never be another Democratic President—I mean of a certain variety...

"Mr. President, I want to nominate Harry Byrd for President right now, and call on the Southern States to organize a Democratic Party, and let us try to get one decent President. I have been with five Presidents and a piece—and a sixth; five Presidents and the thing we have got.

"I wish to tell the Senate something which happened long ago. My brother Coke was talking to Sam Jones, a great Georgia evangelist, who was sitting in his study. I was a poor boy, and I happened to drop in. My brother said to Sam Jones, 'Sam, did you hear anything about my being made bishop at the next general conference?'

"Sam looked at him, and said, 'No. Where did you ever hear of a Smith being made a bishop?' He looked in the fire for awhile, and then said, 'I don't know, Coke; you might have a chance. That office has got powerful low.' (laughter)

"So, Mr. President, I say that my friend Harry Byrd has a chance, for that office has got powerful low (laughter)..."

IN THE FIGHT . . .

Owen Mello . . .

All my old Lone Pine friendships are yet fresh in my mind, even though so many years have gone by. I enlisted in 1942. . .Then I was classified for Air Intelligence . .Incidentally, I expect to wind up as the only private in the Air Force!—Army Air Base, Salt Lake City.

Thos. B. Swab . . .

After 2 months of hard work and sweating blood, learning to fly "the Army way," I've finally been accepted as a Civilian Instructor in the 6th Army Air Force Flight Training Detachment at Thunderbird Field No. 1.—1402 E. Brill St., Phoenix.

Cpl. Jesse Brown . . .

I am O.K. except a little sleepy. I went to bed at 11:30 and had to get up this morning at 1 o'clock to start cooking turkey for New Year's dinner.—Fort Lewis, Wash.

Lt. Howard W. Dueker . . .

Had good time visiting Roy and Ethelene Joseph. Roy is doing a very good job instructing. . .Heard from Loundagin recently. His letter was very long and full of the same old Loundagin stuff. There will be a lot of bull sessions when we all get home. We hear quite often from Bob Rutherford, seemingly happy, and a machine gunner.—Iowa City, Iowa.

Major George Palmer Putnam . . .

SAWDUST . . .that religious monthly is practically my favorite publication, despite the scurrilous pieces in it writ by that old veteran of the seas, Bob Loundagin.—468th Bombardment Group, Salina, Kansas.

TAX NIGHTMARE . . .

The time has come for us to arise in great wrath and force our legislators to give us a tax form we can complete without being an unpleasant combination of accountant, lawyer, tax expert, and bookkeeper—in addition to earning a living in the first place.—Liberty.

If contributions are paid by an employer to or under a stock bonus, pension, profit-sharing or annuity plan, or if compensation is paid or accrued on account of any employee under a plan deferring the receipt of such compensation, such contributions or compensation shall not be deductible under subsection (a) but shall be deductible, if deductible under subsection (a) without regard to this subsection, under this subsection but only to the following extent. . .—Extract from Instructions Tax Form No. 1040.

The proposed new income tax rates handed to Congress by Henry Morgenthau, stopping by on his way from the White House, are lilies, and no mistake. Henry is, without doubt, a well meaning man.But his new law is one that only comes from a man who was born rich, never worked a day in his life, never had any business or financial troubles, never paid a tax from the sweat of his brow, never did any of the things the average American taxpayer has done in his struggle through life. —Calif. Lbr. Merchant.

—SD—

Colonel: "Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant: "Yes, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"

Behind The Bandsaw

Yipee! Soldiers always yell when closing in for hand-to-hand conflict. And make no mistake about it. It relieves tension. We asked a Marine sergeant who was in several Pacific engagements, what the men usually yell, and he told us:

"A lot of men just shout simple things like 'Let's get'em boys', or 'here we come', or 'one side, Tojo!' One college professor always yelled 'I shall now dissect you, species Tokyo.' A former detective story writer shouted: 'Prepare to become a cadaver.' An ex-dentist cried: 'I shall open you wider, please.' And a former actor yelled: 'Here comes the curtain, Jap.' "—Parade.

—SD—

Fred Allen, who does not usually go to banquets, attended one where he was immediately seized upon by one of those ambitious young things. He had long since ceased listening to her when he suddenly realized that she was attacking him with a direct question. "After all," she was saying, "breeding isn't everything, is it?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't know that I'd put it quite that way, but of course it's lots of fun."—The Playboy's Handbook.

—SD—

A man met a friend on the street all bandaged up and walking on crutches.

"Smatter?" asked the friend.

"Well, I had a date with the girl friend. We were dancing when her father come in. You know, he is hard of hearing and couldn't hear the music."

—SD—

"Everytime I breathe someone passes into eternity."

"Have you ever tried cloves?"

Mose had been arrested for speeding. This was his fifth offense, so the Judge pronounced the highest possible fine and jail sentence on him. As he did so, there came from the tight lips of the defendant something that sounded suspiciously like an oath. The Judge flared up.

"Repeat what you said," he demanded. "Repeat it aloud so I can understand it!"

"Judge, Suh," said Mose, "all I said was—'God am de Jedge'—yassuh, dass all I said, jes' 'God am de Jedge'—dass all."—Calif. Lbr. Merchant.

—SD—

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered and closed it after him undetected.

Just as he was about to get in bed, his wife, half aroused, turned and sleepily said, "Is that you Fido?"

The husband relating the rest of the story said, "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

—SD—

ANENT "BOONDOGGLING COMES TO INYO COUNTY" . . .

I'm certainly not trying to polish the old apple, and certainly not trying to influence your trend of thought in regards to the school system. . . I have never in all my life read such articles. They are masterpieces!—(School teacher's name withheld).

Don't quote me, but a good stirring up never does anything any harm.— (School teacher's name withheld).

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